

# DEMOCRATIC



# PIONEER.

WE LOVE UNION—WE EMBLAZON OUR FLAG WITH DEMOCRACY.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, THE MARKETS, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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## POETRY.



## LIFE.

A BRIEF HISTORY IN THREE PARTS.  
WITH A SEQUEL.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

### PART I. LOVE.

A glance—a thought—a blow—  
It stings him to the core;  
A question—will it lay him low?  
Or will time heal it o'er?

He kindles at her name—  
He sits and thinks apart;  
Time blows the spark into a flame,  
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,  
And nurses it with care;  
He feels the blinding pain he turns,  
With hope, and with despair.

### PART II. COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades—  
Flights, glances, tears and vows—  
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades—  
Smiles, courtesies and bows!

A purpose, and a prayer—  
The stars are in the sky—  
He wonders how ev'n hope should dare  
To let him aim so high!

Still hope allures and flatters,  
And doubt just makes him bold,  
And so with passion all in tatters,  
The trembling tale is told.

Apologies and blushes—  
Soft looks, averted eyes—  
Each heart into the other rushes—  
Each yields and wins a prize.

### PART III. MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends—  
Brief solemn words and prayer—  
A trembling finger ends,  
As hand in hand they swear.

Sweet cake—sweet wine—sweet kisses—  
And now the deed is done!  
And so, for real life's woes and blisses,  
The wedded two are one!

And down the shifting stream  
They launch their buoyant skiff,  
Full blest if they may trust life's dream!  
But, ah! truth echoes 'till

### PART IV. THE SEQUEL "IF"

If health be firm—if friends be true,  
If self be well controlled—  
If trust be pure—if wants be few,  
And not too often told!

If reason always rules the heart,  
If passion owns its sway,  
If love to future life impart  
The zest it does to-day!

And oh! if faith sublime and clear,  
The spirit onward glide—  
Then blest, indeed, and blest for ever,  
The bridegroom and the bride!

## MISCELLANY.

### THE FORCE OF FEAR.

At the close of the winter of 1825-26, about dusk in the afternoon, just as the wealthy dealers in the Palais Royal at Paris were about lighting their lamps and putting up their shutters (the practice of the major part of them at nightfall,) a well known money-changer sat behind his counter alone, surrounded by massive heaps of silver and gold, the glittering and sterling currency of all the kingdoms of Europe. He had well-nigh closed his operations for the day, and was enjoying in anticipation the prospect of a good dinner. Between the easy-chair upon which he reclined in perfect satisfaction, and the door which opened into the north side of the immense quadrangle of which the splendid edifice above-mentioned is composed, arose a stout wire partition, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and resting upon the counter, which traversed the whole length of the room. Thus he was effectually cut off from all possibility of unfri-

dly contact from any of his occasional visitors; while a small sliding board that ran in and out under the wire partition served as a medium of his peculiar commerce. Upon this he received every coin, note, or draft presented for change; and having first carefully examined it, returned its value, by the same conveyance, in the coin of France, or indeed of any country required. Behind him was a door communicating with his domestic chambers, and in the middle of the counter was another, the upper part of which formed a portion of the wire partition above described.

The denizen of this little chamber had already closed his outer shutters, and was just on the point of locking up his doors and retiring to his repose, when two young men entered. They were evidently Italians, from their costume and peculiar dialect. Had it been earlier in the day, when there would have been sufficient light to have discerned their features and expression, it is probable that our merchant would have detected their plans, for he was well-skilled in detecting the tokens of fraud or design in the human countenance. But they had chosen their time too opportunely. One of them, advancing toward the counter, demanded change in French coin for an English sovereign, which he laid upon the sliding-board, and passed through the wire partition. The money-changer rose immediately, and having ascertained that the coin was genuine, returned its proper equivalent by the customary mode of transfer. The Italian turned as if to leave the apartment, when he who had received the money suddenly dropped the silver, as though accidentally, upon the floor. As it was now nearly dark it was scarcely to be expected that they could find the whole of the pieces without the assistance of a light. This the unconscious merchant hastened to supply; and unlocking, without suspicion, the door of the partition between them, stooped with a candle over the floor in search of the lost coin. In this position the unfortunate man was immediately assailed with repeated sals from a poniard, and he at length fell, after a few feeble and ineffectual struggles, senseless and apparently lifeless, at the feet of his assassins.

A considerable time elapsed ere, by the fortuitous entrance of a stranger, he was discovered in this dreadful situation; when it was found that the assassins having first having helped themselves to an almost incredible amount of money, had fled, without anything being left by which a clue might have been obtained to their retreat.

The unfortunate victim of their rapacity and cruelty, was, however, not dead.—Strange as it may appear, although he had received upwards of twenty wounds, several of which plainly showed that the dagger had been driven to the very hilt, he survived; and in a few months after the event, was again to be seen in his long-accustomed place at the changer's board. In vain had the most diligent search been made by the military police of Paris for the perpetrators of this detestable deed.—The villains had eluded all inquiry and investigation, and would in all probability have escaped undiscovered with their booty but for a mutually cherished distrust of each other. Upon the first and complete success of their plan, the question arose, how to dispose of their enormous plunder, amounting to more than a hundred thousand. Fearful of the resources of the police, they dared not retain it at their lodgings. To trust a third party with it was not to be thought of. At length, after long and anxious deliberation, they agreed to conceal the money outside the barriers of Paris until they should have concocted some safe plan for transporting it to their own country. This they accordingly did, burying the treasure under a tree about a mile from the Barriere d'Enfer. But they were still as far as ever from a mutual understanding. When they separated, on any pretence, each returned to the spot which contained the stolen treasure, where of course he was sure to find the other. Suspicion thus formed and fed soon grew into dislike and

until at length, each loathing the sight of the other, they agreed finally to divide the booty, and then eternally separate, each to the pursuit of his own gratification. It then became necessary to carry the whole of the money home to their lodgings in Paris, in order that it might according to their notions, be equitably divided.

The reader must here be reminded that there exists in Paris a law relative to wines and spirituous liquors which allows them to be retailed at a much lower price without the barriers than that at which they are sold within the walls of the city. This law has given rise, among the lower orders of people, to frequent attempts at smuggling liquors in bladders concealed about their persons, often in their hats.—The penalty for the offence was so high, that it was very rarely enforced, and practically it was very seldom, indeed, that the actual loss incurred by the offending party was anything more than the paltry venture, which he was generally permitted to abandon, making the best use of his heels to escape any further punishment. The general law placed at the different barriers generally made a prey of the parables which they captured, and were consequently interested in keeping a good look-out for offenders. It was this vigilance that led to the discovery of the robbers; or, not being able to devise any better plan for the removal of the money than that of secreting it about their persons they attempted thus to carry out their object. But as one of them, heavily encumbered with the golden spoils was passing through the Barriere d'Enfer, one of the soldier police who was on duty as sentinel, suspecting from his appearance and hesitating gait, that he carried smuggled liquors in his hat, suddenly stepped behind and struck it from his head with his halberd. What was his astonishment to behold, instead of the expected bladder of wine or spirits, several small bags of gold and rolls of English bank-notes. The confusion and prevarication of the wretch, who made vain and frantic attempts to recover the property, betrayed his guilt, and he was immediately taken into custody, together with his companion, who, following at a very short distance, was unsuspectingly taken into custody, together with his companion, who, following at a very short distance, was unsuspectingly pointed out by his cowardly and bewildered confederate as the owner of the money. No time was lost in conveying intelligence of their capture to their unfortunate victim, who immediately identified the notes as his own property, and at the first view of the assassins swore distinctly to the persons of both—to the elder, as having repeatedly stabbed him; and to the younger, as his companion and coadjutor.

The criminals were in due course of time tried, fully convicted, and, as was to be expected, sentenced to death by the guillotine; but, owing to some technical irregularity in the proceedings, the doom of the law could not be carried into execution until the sentence of the court had been confirmed upon appeal. This delay afforded time and opportunity for some meddling or interested individual—either moved by the desire of making a cruel experiment, or else by the hope of obtaining a reversal of the capital sentence against the prisoners—to work upon the feelings of the unfortunate money-changer. A few days after the sentence of death had been pronounced, the unhappy victim received a letter from an unknown but mysterious writer, and setting forth in expressions that seemed to him fearfully prophetic, that the thread of his own destiny was indisputably united with that of his condemned assassins. It was evidently out of their power to take his life; and it was equally out of his power to survive them, die by the sentence of the law, or how or when they might; it became clear—so argued this intermeddler—that the same moment which saw the termination of their lives, would inevitably be the last of his own. To fortify his arguments, the letter-writer referred to certain mystic symbols formed and fed soon grew into dislike and

man could understand nothing of the trumpet diagrams which were set forth as illustrating the truth of the fatal warning thus conveyed to him, and though his friends universally laughed at the trick as a barefaced attempt of some anonymous impostor to rob justice of her due, it nevertheless made a deep impression upon his mind. Ignorant of everything but what related immediately to his own money-getting profession, he had a blind and undefined awe of what he termed the supernatural sciences, and he inwardly thanked the kind monitor who had given him at least a chance of redeeming his days.

He immediately set about making application to the judges, in order to get the degree of death changed into a sentence to the galleys for life. He was equally surprised and distressed to find that they treated his petition with contempt, and ridiculed his fears. So far from granting his request, after repeated solicitations, they commanded him in a peremptory manner to appear no more before the court. Driven almost to despair, he resolved upon petitioning the king; and after much expense and toil, he at length succeeded in obtaining an audience of Charles X. All was vain. A crime so enormous, committed with such cool deliberation, left no opening for the plea of money; every effort he made only served to strengthen the resolution of the authorities to execute judgment. Finding all his efforts in vain, he appeared to resign himself despondingly to his fate. Deprived of all relief even for gain, he took to his bed, and languished in hopeless misery, and as the time for the execution of the criminals approached, he lapsed more and more into terror and dismay.

It was on a sultry afternoon in the beginning of June, 1826, that the writer of this brief narrative—then a not too thoughtful lad, in search of employment in Paris—hurried, together with a party of sight-seeing English workmen, to the Place de Greve to witness the execution of the two assassins of the money-changer. Under the rays of an almost insupportable sun, an immense crowd had congregated around the guillotine; and it was not without considerable exertion, and a bribe of some small amount, that standing-places were at length obtained within a few paces of the dreadful instrument, upon the flat top of the low wall which divides the simple area of the Place de Greve from the river Seine.

Precisely at four o'clock the sombre enfilade approached. Seated upon a bench in a long cart, between two priests, sat the wretched victims of retributive justice. The crucifix was impressively exhibited to their view, and presented to their lips to be kissed, by their ghostly attendants. After a few minutes of silent and horrible preparation, the elder advanced upon the platform of the guillotine. With livid aspect and quivering lips, he gazed around in unutterable agony on the sea of human faces; then lifting his haggard eyes to heaven, he demanded pardon of God and the people for the violation of the great prerogative of the former and the social rights of the latter, and besought most earnestly the mercy of the Judge into whose presence he was about to enter.—In less than two minutes both he and his companion were headless corpses, and in a quarter of an hour no vestige, save a few mounds of sawdust, was left of the terrible drama that had been enacted. Soon, however, a confused murmur pervaded the crowd—a report that the victim of cruelty and avarice had realized the dread prediction of his own mind, and justified the prediction contained in the anonymous letter he had received. On inquiry, this was found to be true. As the signal rung out for execution, the unhappy man, whom twenty-two stab wounds of the dagger had failed to kill, expired in a paroxysm of terror—adding one more to the many examples already upon record of the fatal force of fear upon an excited imagination.

Beware, as the poster said to the lamp of clay.  
"Lacking lasses," as the man said when he whipped the girls.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

### Taking a Prescription.

Summer before last, at the time when cholera had poisoned the air, a gentleman of wealth, standing and intelligence, from one of the southern or middle States while temporarily sojourning in Boston, felt certain 'premonitory symptoms,' that were rather alarming, all things considered.—So he enquired of the hotel-keeper where he could find a good physician.

'One of your best,' said he, with an emphasis in his tones that showed how important was the matter in his eyes.  
'Doe or ——— stands at the head of his profession in our city,' returned the hotel-keeper.

'Thank you I will call upon him immediately,' said the gentleman, and away he went.  
The Doctor, fortunately, as the gentleman mentally acknowledged, was in his office. The latter, after introducing himself, stated his case with some concern of manner; when the doctor felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and made sundry professional enquiries.

'Your system is slightly disturbed,' remarked the doctor, after fully ascertaining the condition of his patient; 'but I'll give you a prescription that will bring all right again in less than twenty-four hours.'

And so he took out his pencil and wrote a brief prescription.  
'How much am I indebted, Doctor?' enquired the gentleman, as he slipped the little piece of paper into his vest pocket.

'Five dollars for the consultation and prescription,' replied the Doctor, bowing.  
'Cheap enough if I am saved from an attack of the cholera,' said the patient as he drew forth his pocket book and abstracted from its folds the required fee. He then returned to the hotel, and going to one of the clerks or bar-keepers in the office, said to him—

'I wish you would send out and get me this prescription.'  
'Prescription! Why, Mr. ———, are you sick?' returned the bar-keeper.  
'I'm not very well,' was answered.  
'What's the matter?'  
'Symptoms of the prevailing epidemic.'  
'Oh! Ah! And you've seen the doctor?'  
'Yes.'  
'Who?'  
'Doctor ———.'

The bar-keeper shrugged his shoulders as he replied—  
'Good physician. None better. That all acknowledge. But, if you'll let me prescribe for you, I'll put you all straight in double quick time.'

'Well, what will you prescribe, Andy?' said the gentleman.  
'I'll prescribe this,' and as he spoke he drew from under the counter a bottle labelled—Mrs. ———'s cordial. 'Take a glass of that, and you can throw your doctor's prescription into the fire.'

'You speak confidently, Andy.'  
'I do, for I know its virtue.'  
The gentleman, who had in his hand a prescription for which he had paid five dollars to one of the most skillful and judicious physicians in New England, strange as it may seem, listened to this bar-keeper, and in the end actually destroyed the prescription, and poured down his throat a glass of Mrs. ———'s Cordial.

It is no matter of surprise that, ere ten o'clock in the evening, the gentleman's premonitory symptoms, which had experienced a temporary abatement, assumed a more alarming character. And now, instead of going to, he was obliged to send for a physician. The doctor whom he had consulted was called in and immediately recognized his patient of the morning.

'I'm sorry to find you worse,' said he. 'I did not in the least doubt the efficacy of the remedy I gave you. But have you taken the prescription?'  
'Wh—wh—why, no, Doctor,' stammered the half-ashamed patient; 'I confess that I did not. I took something else.'  
'I thought a glass of Mrs. ———'s Cordial would answer just as well.'

'You did! And pray who prescribed this for you?' said the doctor, moving his chair instinctively from his patient, and speaking in a rather excited tone of voice.  
'No one prescribed it. I took it on the recommendation of the bar-keeper downstairs, who said that he knew it would cure me.'

'And you had my prescription in your pocket at the same time! The prescription of a regular physician of twenty-five years' practice set aside for a quack nostrum, recommended by a bar-keeper! A fine compliment to common sense and the profession, truly! My friend, if I must speak out plainly, you deserve to die—I shouldn't much wonder if you got your deserts! Good evening.'

'Saying this the doctor arose, and was moving towards the door, when the frightened patient called to him in such appealing tones that he was constrained to pause. A humble confession of error, and repeated apologies, softened the physician's anger, and he came back and resumed his seat.

'My friend,' said he recovering his self-possession which had been considerably disturbed, 'Do you know the composition of that cordial which you took with so much confidence?'  
'I do not,' replied the gentleman.  
'Humph! Well I can tell you. About nine-tenths of it is cheap brandy, or New England rum, which completely destroys or neutralizes the salutary ingredients that form the tithe thereof. I don't wonder that the stuff has aggravated your symptoms. I would, if in your state of health, about as leave take poison.'

'Pray don't talk to me in that way, Doctor,' said the patient imploringly. 'I am sick, and what you say can only have the effect to make me worse. I am already sufficiently punished for my folly. Prescribe for me once more, and be assured that I will not again play the fool.'

The Doctor's professional indignation had pretty well burned itself out by this time; so he took up the case again, & once more gave a prescription.  
In a couple of days the gentleman was quite well again; but that glass of Mrs. ———'s Cordial cost him twenty dollars.

He is now a little wiser than he was before; and is very careful as to whose prescriptions he takes. It would be better for the health of the entire community if every individual would be as careful in the same matter as he is now. Those who are sick should, ere taking medicine, consult a physician of skill and experience; but, above all things, they should shun advertised nostrums, in the sale of which the manufacturers and vendors are interested. Often testimonials as to their efficacy are mere forgeries. Health is too vital a thing to be risked in that way.

Advantage of early training.—The following dialogue is reported to have taken place at the Queen's County Assize, between a medical witness and a barrister:

Mr. Hayes (the barrister): 'If a person, lying on wet straw, were deprived of all the comforts or necessities of life, would it not hasten death?'  
Dr. Edge: 'That would greatly depend upon whether he had been accustomed to them.'

Mr. Hayes: 'Do you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a horse-pond it would not be injurious to him?'  
Dr. Edge: 'I think not if he had lived sixty or seventy years in it.'

The following gem is from Dickens' 'Domby':  
'She died,' said Polly, 'and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground, where the trees grow.'

'The cold ground!' said the child, shuddering again.  
'Not the warm ground,' returned Polly, 'where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and were good people turn into angels, and fly away to Heaven.'

WILLIAM.—'Tooth inserted here,' as the bull-dog said, when he bit the loafer.  
'Tis false, as the girl said, when her boss told her she had beautiful hair.'